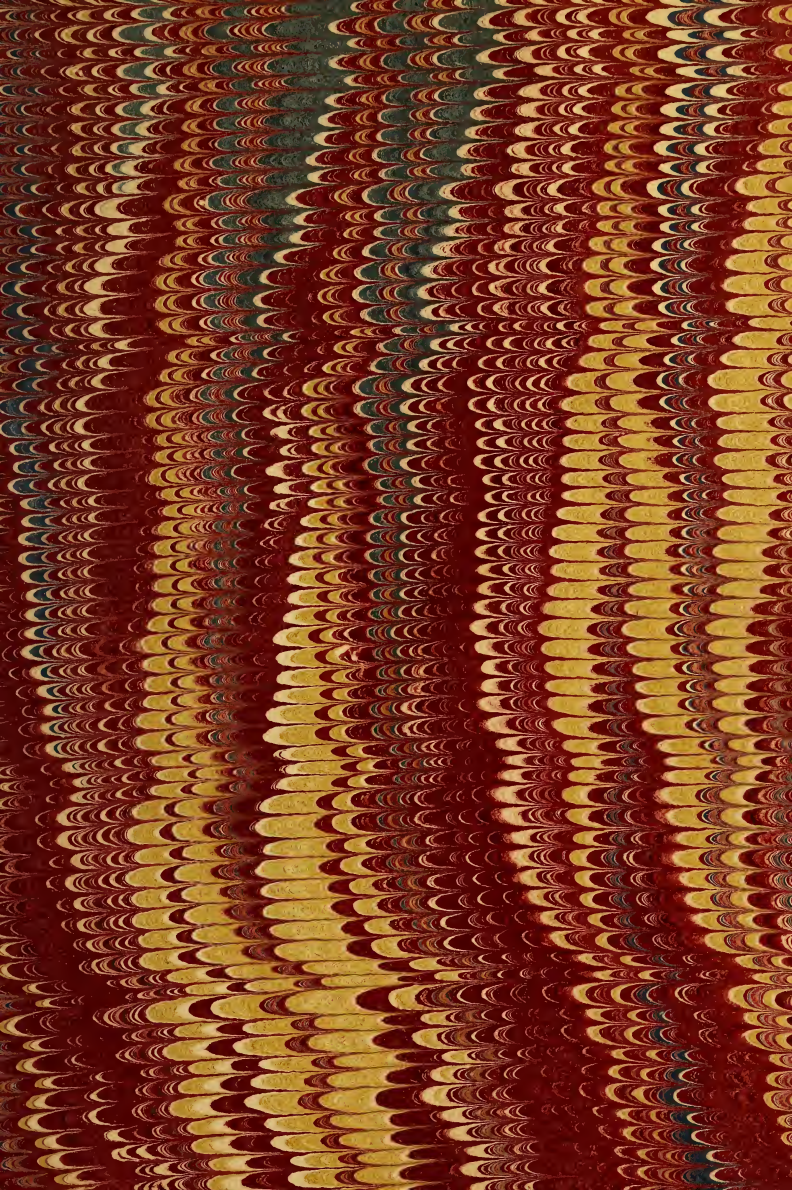


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William Holgate.





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THE
Wandering Lover.
A
TRAGY-COMEDIE.
BEING

Acted severall times privately at
sundry places by the Author and his friends
with great applause.

Written by T.M.^{murton} Gent.

Quicquid amor jussit, non est continere tutum,
Regnat & in Superios, I. c. Ovidius.

Αἰὶς λαλῶν.



LONDON,
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May, 1873.



T O

The Ingenuous, Judicious, and the
much-honoured Gentleman ,
Fran. Wright, Esquire.

S I R , My intentions wandring
upon the limits of vain cogitati-
ons, was at the last arrived at the
prospicious brinks of an *Anglicis* of per-
formance ; where seeing *Diana* and *Ve-*
nus in a martial combat , and such rare
atchievements performed by so two inini-
mate Goddesses, did lend to the aspect of
their angelical eyes my selfe to be the sole
spectator of their foregoing valour ; where
then their purpose was to choose me their
Arbitrator ; the which I perceiving, did

with a milde complexion (knowing my
selfe impotent) relent backwards, think-
ing thereby to lose less credit, and gaine
more honour, to set pen to paper, and to
relate some certain and harmless Dia-
logues that while I was present betwixt
them past, which is this Poem; And
having now compos'd it, did then take
care upon whose shoulder to father this my
abortive infant: So then examining the
Store-house of my friends, after some si-
lent search did finde no splendor of friend-
ship to be more orient in my eyes then
yours, unto whose favour I commit this
my poor Elf, it being the first (as yet) I
presented to any, though not the first I
writ; for certain it is I writ two Books
of the same nature, viz. The Severall
Affairs, a Comedy; and The Chast
Virgin, a Romance; but they have
been my pocket-companions, and but
shown

shown to some private friends: So desiring your candid acceptance, which if it not finde it will carp the Blossome of my youth; but if it do, it will incourage mee to perform that work I now have in hand, which may deserve better your acceptance, and accumulate joy upon him; who is

Sir,

Yours inseperably,

T. M.

To his much deserving friend M^r.T.M.
on his excellent Comedy entituled,
The Wandring Lover.

This pen of mine it should be dipt,
Having my tongue with Muses tipt,
Or my dul fancy in a font,
Made more clear then *Hellespont*,
Amongst the rest that I might raise,
Setting a monument of thy praise.

More is thy worth then I can frame,
Except beyond my bounds I straine,
Ripping the valley of my wit
In aiming at that I's never hit.
Try I wil, weather swim or sink;
O why should I thus vainly think!
No man is able with pen or ink.

R: B:



Dramatus Personæ.

HERMON,
EUPHRATES,
THROPHEUS,

MEDEA,

FERCOR,

POMPE,

PERCO,

BREMONT, }

LERMO, }

PUDD,

CRECEA,

NESTO,

DROSANUS,

GRECEANA,

A Boy and Ladies.

An old Gentleman.

His Son.

A Merchant.

His Daughter.

His Factor.

A Student.

Three Courtiers of *Thessaly*.

Euphrates man.


Medea's Maid.

Friend to Thropheus.

Friend to Euphrates.

Euphrates Mistris.

THE




The Prologue.

MOst silent audience to you I speak,
The Author bids you welcom, & doth you greet
With this his harmles Poem, not full out
Six moneths old, or penn'd into a book;
The *wandring Lover* is the name of this,
You must expect no great tologies,
Nor *Nectors Drum*, nor no *Ambrosian phrase*,
He once doth shew, or out of it doth raise,
But Mother-like tongue plainly writ and spoke,
As in pursuit you'l finde it in his Book;
The Storie's good to pass the gentle time
With Love-conceits that run in easie rime;
Of most bold *Perco*, with his martial browe,
And milde *Euphrates* wound with *Cupid's bowe*;
How they do differ, and how matchless bee
In their affections, neither doth agree:
But why should I thus trifle time away?
For 'tis full season that our Comick Play
Should be now acted in our solemn doom;
Lo here the Player's come, and I will give in room.



THE
WANDERING LOVER.

ACT. I. SCÆN. I.
HERMON, EUPHRATES.

Her.  HEcause of that strange and unexpected Accident, *Euphrates*?

Eup. Your Ingenuitie best knows Sir.

Her. No, no, I pray thee relate it to me.

Eup. I am no Orator, muchless no Hudorigrapher;

Her. Why, I'm sure *Perco* would offer you no abuse;

he looks not as if *Mars* were seated in his Brows, or Dame *Envie* in his innocent Brest, or *Fury* to be the overswayer of his amoricious will; pray thee, the reason?

Eup. Many words umbrage dissimulation: Father, I beseech your patience. Oh my dear Grievance! for why, even for thy sake my soul doth die.

Her. Fie, fie, Son, extirpate those fond Flames, and illuring Contemplations out of memorie; for it is a thing neither decent, be seeming, nor comelie for such a noble spirit as yours, muchless these are not times for Love-Fancies; why, she's dead, there's no recalling of her; and why should you now wrap your self in the Robes of Discontentment? Time may put a Period to my years, where are you then? in a Lake of Miseric.

Eup. If she be dead and here me left,
Of life mortal she hath bereft
Me; and I wish I had run the race,
That I might her sweet Corps embrace.
But here I swear by *Mars* Divine,
That ere before the Sun doth shine,
Or trace about the Zodiack round,

* This hand shall great *Perco* confound.

* Stretches his hand.

Her. Be not so obstinate, there's in the world as beautiful as she.

Eup. But not so virtuous.

Her. Yes, virtuous too.

The tallest Cedar that ever grew, there was some to parallel it both in height and straightness.

Eup. I shall desire your pardon at the present Father, for being thus absurd to leave you, which I am forc't by some indisposition of my Body, and return to my Chamber,

Where with divine and sacred contemplation

Pass the time as in a recreation

Of bright *Greciana Idea*, until be past

Those careless hours that do run so fast.

Farewell Father.

[*Exit Euphrates.*]

Her. Farewel Son; I wish some good event come oft. [Exit *Thropheus.*]

ACT. I. SCÆN. II.

Thropheus, Fercor, Nesto.

Thr. **F**ERCOR!

Fer. Sir.

Thr. Where be those Bills of Exchange that came yesterday? let them be drawn.

Fer. They are in your Closet Sir, amongst the rest that came from *Spain*.

Thr. What! you onely stay for a happie Gale; you have all things ready for the Voyage.

Fer. All, sir.

Enter Nesto.

Nest. Oh happie friend! well met once at home.

Thr. Oh *Nesto*! once more in the prospect of these mortal eyes of mine: What News? What News?

Nest. News that doth even terrifie me with the most vigorous strength of sorrow that could have happened.

Thr. What is't?

Nest. The Lady *Greceana* this last night stolne away by two insolent fellows, and by a third, one more wittier, but wickeder; I may term him in knavery conducted and conveyed to the Thessalian Court, which as we all know, are open Enemies to us *Germanes*.

Thr. 'Tis true.

Fer. Know you their Names?

Nest. *Perco*, *Bremon*, and *Lermo*; oh wretched Villains that dor't attempt such an inhumane thing! Hark, the people utter horrid rumors within; let's in and see.

Fer. We attend you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. I. SCÆN. III.

Perco, Bremon, Lermo.

Per. **W**AS it not rarelie accomplished?

Ler. I by the Heavens it was; it was alwayes my saying; If once we evinced that *Atlantick* brazen Gate, it were as sure as *Venus* committed Adultery with *Mars*.

Brem.

Brem. I must ingenuously confesse it was an Herculean task for us, having so many stratagems, so many Bolts and Locks, and at last being invironed with a most energetical Bulwark, and that fortified with a most strong Moat to overcome, but by your acute wit Mr. *Lermo*, the which I must needs commend.

Ler. Sir, my wit is but shallow in comparison of your strength; but it hath been accustomed rather to chuse *Vlisses* then *Polephomus*, sic parcis componere magna solebani.

Per. Come, come friends, 'tis too tedious; let us not dispute upon that subject now, but treat upon the facetious spirits of *Venus*; even now I have an innumerable *Chymaras* entering my turbulent brain, what we shall do with this Angelical and Goddesse-like Dame; well, I'll go fetch her into the Court; my eies have a longing desire to glance upon her delicious Physiognomie. [*Exit Perco.*]

Bre. Go prosperously, and return happily. It was reported (and I am very confident you very well know) that *Euphrates* (a man of good fortune and noble parts) was a great Suitor of this Lady, the flame of which love I fear is still kindled in her Brest, and not easie to be quenched.

Ler. I do remember it; but time, place, and distance, with some other intricates, may work another effect, and cause her to burie his former love in the grave of Oblivion, and not to imbalm it up for a perpetual egrimonie to her minde; and I hope that old Proverb will prove true, *Out of sight, out of minde.*

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCÆN. IV.

Medea, Crecea, Pud.

Crece. **B**E not so coy Madam, Time--

Med. What of Time?

Crece. Nothing but Time.

Med. Speak, prethee speak, what means thou by this hidden talk?

Crece. Hidden talk Madam? you may term it hidden talk, or what you please; but if you'd lived to my years, and had so much experience as I have had in-----

Med. Thou art a prettie piece of Mortalitie indeed; if I'de had so much experience as thou'st had; in what I pray thee, thou pattern of deformitie?

Crece. Madam, I say as I did before, time may alter, witnesse *Sybilla*.

Med. What of her?

Crece. Nothing Madam, but she was a fair goddesse, but she being coy and squemish, cast off *Phæbus* in his glorie; & afterwards she thinking the May of her daies, and fresh colours would alwaies continue, and time and fortune could not wear out, not imagining that white and red should once return to black and yellow; Juniper, the longer it grew, the crookeder it waxt; so she with age that had no blemish in her face, had wrinckles without number, and all that knew her shun'd her company.

Med. Believe me, a learned speech!

Enter Pud.

Pud. Madam, I beseech you give me leave to speak a word or two to your Ladyship.

Med. What insolent audacious Idiot's that? Know'st him *Crecea*?

Crece. It is *Euphrates* man, Madam.

Mad. *Euphrates* man! what makes he here? ask'im his business, and send him away.

Crece. My Ladie desires your business.

Pud. I am come of an Errand from Mr. *Fercor*, to tell your Lady that he is going Factor into the Streights for her Father, desiring to take his leave, because he hath some private business with her, and he will wait upon her at three in the Afternoon.

[Exit *Pudd.*]

Med. What's the fellows business?

Crece. He's come from Mr. *Fercor* your Fathers Factor, that is going to the Streights, and he will wait upon you this Afternoon upon business, and then take his leave.

Med. What business should he have with me my Fathers man? 'tis true, he was alwaies a proud fellow, it may be it's for some fancie or other to wear; well, if he come I'll see him.

Crece. I shall obey your command.

Enter Boy, and goes out again presently.

Boy. Madam, my Master desires your companie to Dinner.

Med. Tell my Father I will wait upon him presentlie. Come *Crecea*, let us walk in.

Crece. I am readie to attend your Ladyship.

[Exeunt.]

ACT. I. SCÆN. V.

Euphrates, Drosanus, Pudd, Pompe.

Eup. SIR, you have much honored me with your companie, and I clearlie discern the power of your affections, where your welcôm cannot be equalled to my desire, much less to your deserts.

Dra. The occasion of my coming was for no other respects but those due unto your merits, whom I honor and am ready to serve.

Eup. You owe me no service; but I am readie to embrace your friendship, noble sir, and friend, since it hath been my happie fate thus fortunatelie to light into your companie; as true it is, *Necessity hath no Law*, so it hath no shame; for contrarie to my disposition I must become an importunate sutor to you.

Dro. Sir, name it, no sooner ask't but granted.

Eup. Your kinde replie shall imbolden me to declare what I was intended to have concealed: only this it is, Whether or no those three Vagabonds were the atrocious Actors in that same dismal Tragedie, in conducting *Greeciana* to the *Thessalian* Court?

Dros. Worthy friend, I shall venter as far upon the brinks of libertie as I can pass without mendation or fabulating unto you; for this I can affirm for a truth both by prospect, and likewise by a most pensive report, That *Percor* was one Malefactor in that same illitable Enterprize, in exhausting the onely Diadem and splendent Lustre of Chaste Virgins to that place of deprived Libertie.

Eup.

Eup. For answering me this querie in one respect, for uttering the utmost of your knowledge therein, hath link't me to you with the chain of everlasting Amicitie; and contrarie, hath pin'd me up with the bolt of tetrissitie from you, for hearing of such penetrating and poysonous sentence;

But this I am resolv'd before,

Those splendent eyes I see no more :

To trace throughout Theſſalia round,

And search out that even unknown ground

For invaluable precious Gemme

In all the judgements of vain men,

And fetch her home by day or Night

By frost, or some vile cunning slight.

Dros. If such an Anglicis hath took once possession in your undaunted and well-known Manhood, I shall not be him that withstands it; but this I would have you take in consideration of your Judicial Policie, the grave Counsel of that famous Student in all Arts and Sciences, *ANTONVS POMPE.*

Eup. Him dear friend I have sent for.

Dros. In my best apprehension, you in that have done discreetlie.

Eup. It's three hours since I sent a Letter by my man, which I wonder I hear no News, it may be he's not at home, and he staves to bring him along with him, therefore I will wait with patience. But stay, here he comes.

Enter Pudd.

Pud. Sir, I have delivered the Letter.

Eup. Delivered the Letter! to whom you Rascal? did I send you in haste, and you have loitered all this time?

Pud. Sir, I stayed to bring him with me, because the contents of your Letter as I heard said, required speed; therefore he was come half the way, staid to talk with two Gentlemen, and said he would wait upon you presently,

Eup. In this you have satisfied me in some respect: But noble friend *Drosamus*, I trespass too much upon your patience.

Dros. No sir, I take it for an honor that I am able to serve you in any thing.

Eup. Your love sir is more then I deserve.

Dros. Your desert is more then I am able to requite; but stay, who comes here? it should be *Pompe* by's gaites; 'tis him.

Eup. Then his counsel I'll in this matter; and so I go in spite of Fate or Fortune.

Pud. And so I too in spite of the-----Devil and his-----Monky.

Enter POMPE.

Pom. Are you one Mr. *Euphrates*?

Eup. I am the man, sir.

Pom. From you I had a Letter this day by a man, whose tenor I very well understand, and have pondered on it a seasonable time, and likewise my Judgment is as followeth:

First, Sir, I am compelled by duty to praise your fidelity in the war-like attempt of Venus; and notwithstanding, your Martial Animosity in the civil Combate of Mars; if you be resolved, as I hereby understand, I would advise you (by the reason they

they know you) to attire your self in womens Apparel, taking another Sociate with you, and you may by Arts and Fortune accomplish your desires.

Eup. I shall do herein my endeavour, and Metamorphise my self with smiling looks.

Pom. Then go prosperouſlie.

[Exit Pompe]

Pud. And I with him ſir, you wiſh.

Eup. By your many favours and kinde replies the minde of your ſervant is impleated with ſo much advantage, as to crave your companie in this ſame diſmal undertaking.

Drof. Sir, I accompanie you with helixitie.

Eup. My Father muſt not know of it ; ſo attend me to morrow morning betwixt four and five, at the back Window in the Garden, and you ſhall finde me readie to take ſhipping in the Lyon.

Drof. Your will ſhall be fulfilled.

(Exeunt E. D.

Pud. And what, muſt I be left behinde ? marry godamercie, I believe you will miſſe your --before you return; he doth not mind me, nor I will not minde him afterwards; and if any one ask me whoſe nian I am, I can tell thee I am mine own Maſter now; but I'll be ſure firſt before I ſay ſo, I'll go ſee him ſafe.

manet Pudd.)

[Exit Pudd.]

ACT. II. SCÆN. I.

Lermo, Bremon, Perco, Greceana, Ladies.

Ler. **W**Hat, here's no man yet in proſpect ; what prodigies have happened by the way ? ſure ſomething muſt be the cauſe, but what's, uncertain.

Bre. In the Court not long ſince there were ſome debates by men of ſuperioritie in war-like Atchievements, of which the rumor did paſſe amongſt the vulgar and commons, as then I did lend an attentive ear, That a Ladie of an unknown birth was to be enjoyed by the encounter of two Knights.

Ler. Not the Lady Greceana !

Bre. Time will divulge it.

But now yonder I perceive the happie ſight of long-wiſh'd for friends ; the Lady's well I hope.

Enter Perco, Greceana, and two Ladies.

Per. Very well, ſhe advancing nigh.

Grece. Oh unhappie Girl, thus to be rape away by Wolves, Beares, (what ſhall I term them ?) in mans ſhape, and by moſt illitable reſolutions !

First begot in vain Converſation, and then brought up by cruelty, the unhappy Niſe in their infidelious hearts, and conducted here to a penſive Habitation, which affords no pleaſure to the eye, but objects of miſery; none to the ear, but ſelf-undoing, outcries : Oh Euphrates, where art thou ? in what cavern of deſpair ?

Ladies. Madam, why ſo melancholic ?

Grece. Oh that theſe innocent hands were wreath'd about thy ever-flourishing Breaſt ! then might I ſit down and crown my ſelf with contentation; but until then

then, what fate and unhappie fortune recommends to a desolate Virgin.

Lad. 2. Sir, wil't please you to receive your Enterprize into companie ?

Per. Madam, remember your self, here behold as great virtue, but far greater Braverie; and I speak to you without fabulating, and you may believe me, you in *Germany* have onelie meer shrines of *Love*, and wise gods, but we their persons, and likewise their Virtues; and what can be recorded that hath been found out by Arts and Sciences, but the nobleness of a Courtier hath found out by practise? I should term them most seemless and void of reason that think to gather more Fruit then Leaves, or see more at the Candle snuff then at the Sun beams; what may't please you answer, is not all this true ?

Ler. Bre. All true, all true.

Grece. Sir, Your speech is good, but not aptlie placed in my disposition; there is one thing yer draws my minde, even as the Load-stone draws to it Iron away, when you think me most attentive; for why Gentlemen, I must confess it is far more difficulter for me to glance any pleasing look, or shape a state of dissembling, than to utter the truth and realitie of the matter.

Ler. Why Madam, was ever that frail cogitation cast into your memorie, as once to imagine that us Courtiers can feign our selves otherwise then we are? my meaning is, to dissemble.

Bre. Lo Mr. *Lermon*, this may be recorded, *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*

Gre. Sir, my meaning will be concealed; for I desire the Place of my disconsolation, wherein I may take my turbulent repast.

Ladies. Madam, we attend you.

Per. And we also.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. II. SCÆN. II.

Hermon. Thropheus, Pudd.

Thro. **S**IR, your saying is very aptlie located, and I wish it may come to an effect.

Her. Sir, if once the flames of bright *Greceana's* love not once take place, nor in his breast there move their ever-flashing Furies, or so cruel betwixt *Diana* and *Venus*, there to keep a duell, our matter may be effected, and with speed we might perceive brave *Greceana* dead, and only there vertuous *Medea* rest in his most true and ever faithful Breast:

Even at that prospect with my head then bare,

And hand lift up, gave everlasting prayer

To the immortal Gods, great Mars and Jove,

For his unfeigned and unmatched Love.

Thro. Well! but Mr. *Hermon*, this, I am possest with much temerousness, that her love is so radicated in his contemplation, that it is like that famous and unpareld Stone *Asbeston*, found in *Arabia*, of iron colour, which being once made hot, can hardlie or never be quenched; but send for him; if he be willing, my Daughter shall not resist.

Her. I will fulfil your pleasure.

Who

Who attends there? where's your Master?

Enter Pudd.

Pud. He's gone to the Lyon, Sir.

Her. What, to drink his Mornings-draught?

Thro. The Ship sir, that set out for *Thessaly* this day, the name of it was *Lyon*.

Pud. I sir, that's the thing he's gone to.

Her. Oh what, and how much terror hath overwhelm'd the faculties of my soul! how my breast pants! how I sweat at the tenor of this Sentence!

Thro. Why?

Her. There's reason enough; but no more at present.

Thro. Explain it to me I pray.

Her. At your request I'll do what fond fancy will give leave, and ease my minde of this heavie burden; by vulgar report the Lady *Greceana* is gone to *Thessaly*, and my fear is, my Son hath undertaken that unhappie voyage in pursute after her.

Pud. Let fancies flee, I'll bring you more news afterwards, that would vex every vein in your heart if I should get that old mans Daughter; [*Exit Pudd.*]

Thro. What mine? away fond slaye, away. Let's in, and see more for certain.

Her. Lead the way.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT. II. SCÆN. III.

Medea, Crecea, Fereor.

Med. **G**OOD God! did I think a man so void of reason, or had so little sence: What fond *Chymara's* hath imbibe'd into his besotted brain? He told me he loved me; it may be so, am I then forc't to love again? No certainly, there's no such Obligations in *Venus Court*: But why should I thus contemplate upon this rash Doteard! flye from me like my dullest breath, for he is gone whom I did love: Oh *Euphrates, Euphrates!* why so cruel, when thou art lov'd not to love again? But if I should sum up all the sighes that thou hast cost me, I should loth the nomination and thought of such a man; but 'tis thy feature I look at, thou knowst not my grief, though I perceive the vigor of it; but I must be contented; *Crecea* where art thou?

a Crece. At a call Madam; what's your pleasure?

Med. I have no pleasure in this age; pleasure flies from me, and grief returns in their place, and doth remain.

Crece. Why Madam, what sad news have you received? it's all for a man.

Med. No, not for that.

Crece. I fear it much.

Med. You may perswade your self to contraries; what was't then you think *Fereor* came about?

Crece. Believe me I know not; why that's not it made you so sad I hope.

Med. No, nor light neither.

Crece. You are so catching.

Med. But I shall take some time to let thee know it.

Crece.

Crece. I then attend.

Med. He told me he loved me.

Crece. Ha, ha, ha, what's the man mad? sure he is not right.

Med. He was in earnest, but I return'd him presently an answer, and set him going.

Crece. But would he be said, Madam?

Med. Faith with much ado; but pleas'd or not, I care, I hope he's gone ere this, and committed himself to the brackish and merciless waves, where *Neptune* is overswayer with his Iron Mace; * *Enter Fercor.*

* See the unhappy prospect of my foe! say I am not within.

Exit Medea.

Crece. Mr. *Fercor*, I thought you had been tost ere this with turbulent waves.

Fer. Tost I am, with waves I am not: Wheres your Mistress?

Crece. Is that your business? she's not at home.

Fer. I do not desire your company then.

Crece. Marry come up here; I'm gone sir.

[*Exit Crecea.*]

Fer. Just Heaven, what will she be so cruel to her servant! I must abate the pride of that fierce humor, and my resentment of it shall make her see that Lovers must be treated in another fashion; but these scorns I'll turn into her shame; and *Euphrates* whom she thinks her own already, shall as even fail her hopes as she hath mine, when a more worthy Object shall change his mind, and his disdain of her, shall revenge hers of me.

[*Manet Fercor.*]

ACT. II. SCÆN. IV.

Thropheus, Fercor, Pudd.

Thro. TIME and Tide staves for no man; shake off these panick fears; though it be boystrous at your entrance, yet you may land with an happy Gale.

Fer. It's not the waves that works upon my nature, or the fierce rumor of their horrid noise, nor the tossing of the Ship in the Ocean that can work any distemper, or search out any desolate vacant Cavern in my illatable body, in which it may accumulate daunting and disparting fancies; but it is a certain faculty, more strong and vigorous in its operation, which may aptly be compared to *Dedalus* and his waxen Wings, the higher it surmounts, the more it doth me melt.

Pud. But this is nothing to the business concerning my particular, for this is as fit for love as a Pudding for a Dogs mouth.

Thro. You have propounded a mystery to me, *Fercor*, beyond the Element of my capacity and climate, in which I walk not; a task too high for me to look; but if your intention be continued to the promise you formerly made, here is one who being desolate of a place, would undergo the elaborate Science of Navigation.

Fer. Sir, my promise is firm, and I intend to fulfil it: is this him that would learn?

Thro. This is the man: I shall leave you to your selves, for time and duty calls me hence. [Exit *Throphæus.*]

Fer. Sir, if you think it convenient to go to sea, and see the hidden mysteries in the Ocean, I shall fulfil your mind.

Pud. I would go if it were but to see my Master, but I would not be drowned, ones clothes will be so wet when he is taken up; but pray you tell me seriously, How oft hast thou been drowned?

Fer. Thou art a fool sure, sees not me yet alive?

Pud. Oh Gentlemen! be they dead that be drowned? I thought they had put on fishes skins, and walked upon the sands, and kept the fishes company; it were a thing to be marvelled at, that a little cold, cold water should kill a man of reason as I am, and not a senseless Gudgeon.

Fer. Thou art wise from the crown of the head upwards; if thou goes with me, Ile make thee understand the Card and the seven Stars.

Pud. How to play at Cards Sir!

Fer. I tell thee, the Sea-Card, and the thirty two Points.

Pud. I can play at one and thirty.

But I have not many points about my Breeches.

Fer. Thou art very dull; but wilt thou learn?

Pud. I begin with the Points first, for they are most in fashion,

Fer. North, North and by East, North, North-East, North-East and by North, North-east, North-east and by East, East, North-East, East and by North, East.

Pud. I'll now say it after you; North-East, North no more by the East, but by the West side, that's on my right hand, and by North.

Fer. Thou art void of reason, hast thou no memory?

Pud. I'll say again, North by North, which should stand in the place of East; I'm out of it again I dare say.

Fer. And so dare I too; but farewell, I perceive thou art an ideot, and so I take my leave, for neither time nor tide will permit me any longer to stay.

Pud. Good boy, good boy, I had rather be hang'd where I may leap for my life, then drowned where no body sees me. [Exeunt.]

ACT. III. SCÆN: I.

Euphrates in womens Apparel, *Drosanus*.

Eup. **EUPHRATES!** Oh miserable *Euphrates!* how canst thou frame thy Affections according to thy habit, who was wont to exercise thy self, and to take only delight in achieving rare Exploits, riding a Tilt-Horse, and now confin'd within the protection of a Petticoat; certainly *Drosanus*, I shall never manage it with dexterity, but instead of making a Course I shall make a Leg.

Drof. Though it hath been your daylie practise to be employed in Martia! Affairs, yet for a certain season you may metamorphose your self as *Galathea* and fair *Phyllis* did in the year of offering sacrifice unto *Neptune*, who were compel'd by

By their indulgent Fathers for their safeguard; follow this practise to enjoy the Trophies of your Victory.

Eup. As power doth lie in me, so shall I do my duty:

stay, yonder comes *Perco* my ordained Enemy, he knows [*Euphrates and Drosanus stand aside, and*
not me, let us stand aside. *Perco enters.*

Per. How now! what strange conceit! what new contraries hast thou given place to enter into thy minde! hast thou turn'd the delicious pastimes of *Diana* to the lascivious sports of *Venus*; thy ever-wished for chastity to wanton looks; thy conquering arm to captive imaginations of Love? Dost thou begin that strange creature *Pyrallis*, to dye in the air and to live in the fire; to leave the sweet delights of the Court, to follow the hot desires of Love? (Oh *Perco*!) these are not words becoming a man of thy animosity; but for thy affections being a Lover, can *Cupid's* Brands quench *Destra's* Fire? or his feeble Shaft, headed with Feathers, give a wound more emedicable then *Viana's* Arrows, headed with steel? Oh *Greceana*! because thou art fair, must I be sickle? and falsifie my Vow because I see thy vertue? fond man that I am to think of Love! nay, vain passion that I follow, to disdain Love! But here comes *Bremon*, *Lermo*, and the lustre of the day, *Greceana*; I must vale my Physiognomie with a Vermilion blush, lest they perceive the Alabaster hew in my face, and laugh.

Eup. Do you perceive? he's in love with her.

Dro. I, very well: But let us know the event of it.

Manet.

ACT. III. SCÆN. II.

Bremon, Lermo, Greceana, Perco, Euphrates, Drosanus.

Ler. Sweet Lady, can you love?

Gre. Withdraw my Lord; can such a thing as Love be once named! here, where every Marble that supports this place in *Æmulation* doth spend tears with us; nay, where the wound of such a mighty Lovers, a *Euphrates*, hath not in my frail breast bled their last.

Ler. Tush rare *Greceana*, these sighs and panique fears that seem to Ladies terrible, are common to every Souldier, when from field returning, all besmeared in blood, where Dukes and Kings lye slain; yet in their Tents at mid-night it frights not them from courting a sweet Mistress.

Bre. He saith the right; and note of this how I can poetise?

*This his great Father of his Love desir'd,
When from the slaughter of his foes retir'd,
He doth his Cushes, and unarm'd his head
To tumble with her on a soft dry Bed.
It did rejoyce Briscis to embrace
His bruised Arms, and kiss his blood-stain'd face;
Those hands which he so often did imbrow
In blood of war-like Trojans whom he slew,
Were then employed to tickle, touch and feel,
And shake a Lance that had no print of Steel.*

Perco. Hear me one word good friends; I rue that ever I did undertake that matter in conducting that piece of Deformity away; for she is neither wife, beautiful, nor constant, I'll prove it *Bremón*; Four Elements meet in the structure of that *Greceana*, of which there's not one pure; she's composed merely of Blood, Bones, and rotten Flesh, which makes her Leprous; where the Sun exhales, the moist complexion, it doth putrifie the Region of the Air; there then's another; sometimes the Sun sits muffled in its Cave, whilst from the Clouds sic hiddeous showers of Rain, which sweeps the Earth's corruption into Brooks; Brooks into Rivers; Rivers send their Tribute as they receive it, to the seething Ocean; Thus Air, Earth and Water, all infected! she then fram'd of these, can she be beautiful? No *Bremón*; no; if she be, she has the help of Art; by Nature she is ugly: I'll see if I can perswade them to this; for while two Dogs fight for a bone, the third may get it.

Bre. Are you in this minde, sir?

Per. I, and will continue in it.

Ler. Let's go for the space of half an hour, and take the fresh air, I'm mighty full.

Per. So am I.

Bre. Lets go then. [Exeunt *Perco*, *Greceana*, *Lermo*, and *Bremón*.]

Eup. Every word of their utterance carries vertue in them; I'll divide them into particulars: For *Perco's*, they are of a mixt composition, neither of Honey nor Gall, much like the fruit call'd *Mandrake*, which is fair in shew, but in taste bitter and acid. For *Bremón's*, it's of a different nature from the former, hollow hearted, onely skin, neither bone nor flesh, but plyable every way, which is plain flattery. *Lermo's*, the construction of it is of both these, head of *Perco's*, feet of *Bremón's*, the middle of *Dout's*, being his own Lot. I pass now to *Greceana's*, as it were from turbulent waves to Crystal streams, whose brink is form'd of contentment, and the streams themselves delights: They are-----

Dros. By your favor, let me put in one word, which is this; Let's not dispute of words, or Castles in the air, but the subject, which is form'd of material substance; we must go about while we do prattle here, the Gole may be won; and like simple Wood-cocks, think we are most safe when we are in the most danger; but let not these words take place in your heart for a reservement of hatred, but for innocents amosity.

Eup. *Drosamús*, they are, and to me a sovereign Balm for a love-sick heart; no time to come henceforward shall be trifled in vain alluring self-conceits, but labor to put a Period to discontentment, and to expect new Trophies of felicity.

[Exeunt.]

ACT. III. SCÆN. III.

Thropeus, *Nesto*, *Hermón*.

Thr. **N**ESTO, noble *Nesto*, is there no tydings from *Greceana*?

Nest. None as yet; but expected they are.

Thro. It is reported *Euphrates* hath pursued her, and it's for certain ere this he

he hath obtained the happy visit of her, which all as yet he aims at, it being the rich Object of his desires; if Fortune had stayed his courses in that Progress, you might have seen which is the greatest confirmitie, *Hermon* my son, and *Euphrates* my son in law; but since it is determin'd otherwise, I am submissive to the will of Fates: Stay! yonder comes Mr. *Hermon*, wee'l see how he takes it, and how affected to this Melady.

Enter Hermon.

Her. 'Tis true friends.

Thro. What?

Her. That my son hath followed her: is this your Friend?

Thro. 'Tis one Mr. *Nesto*, who usually waited upon *Greceana* while in this Nation she was present, but now liveth upon his means; he's a Gentleman.

Her. Upon *Greceana*!

Nest. Yes, servant to her.

Her. She's now in *Thessaly*.

Nest. She is so.

Her. And there should stay if't had not been for my son; but generous souls are prone to valiant acts; I take my leave of you. [*Exit Hermon.*]

Thro. Nest. Your servant, sir.

Nest. I am forc't against my will to leave you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCÆN. IV.

Medea, Crecea, Throphæus.

Thro. I AM glad you are come Daughter, I have here stayed in expectation of you these two hours.

Med. Your business, sir?

Thro. I have a Letter from *Fercor*, which is of concernment to you as well as me; the thing I like well, and do at it rejoice.

Med. The cause of your helexity, Father?

Thro. He professeth himself your most humble servant.

Med. What's his meaning by it?

Thro. He loves you.

Med. Is any thing more ridiculous? you know I never gave nourishment to that condition; in you it is the most harsh unpleasing discord; but I hope you will be instructed better, knowing how much my fancie goes against it; talk not of that, and welcom.

Crece. Sir, speak to her, or else you'l do no good.

Thro. You retain!

I see your unkind temper; will no thought soften your heart? disdain agrees but ill with so much beauty; if you would perswade him not to love you, strive to be less fair, undo that face, and so become a rebel to Heaven and Nature.

Med. He loves my face then!

Thro. As Heavenly Prologue to your minde; he doth not dotelike *Pigmalion* on the colours.

Med.

Med. No he cannot; his was a painted Mistress; and besides, you increase my wonder of his folly, for I have told you that so often---

Thro. What?

Med. My mind's so opposite to all his Courtships, that I had rather hear the tedious Tales of *Robin Hood*, then any thing that trenches upon the limits of Love: If he come fraught with any of *Cupid's* devices, keep'em for his Whirligigs, or land the next Edition of his Messenger, or Post with a mad Packet, I shall but laugh at them, and pity him.

Thro. That's pitty---!

Med. Do not mistake me, it shall be a very miserable pitty, without love: Were I a man, and had but half that handsomness, (for though I have not love, I hate detraction) ere I would put my inventions to the sweet of Compliments, to court my Mistress hand, and call her smiles blessings greater then the suns beams, entreat to wait upon her, give her Rings with wanton and most lamentable Poesies, I would turn Thresher.

Thro. This is a new Doctrine from women.

I could provoke if truth should be uttered, how he calls it happiness.

Med. Just Heavens! can *Fercor* be so void of reason to call that happiness which is a madness? I thank my stars, I never was so vain: But pray you Father the truth, provoke me if you can?

Thro. *Fercor* it's not.

Med. Not *Fercor*.

Thro. No not *Fercor*!

Change not your countenance at that word, you'll fain perswade me you never did nor can love.

Med. It's not for love nor any vain passion from thence proceeding, that doth change the faculties of my body, but to see silly men thus to intrap themselves. Father, after my duty I take my leave of you. [*Exeunt Medea, Crecia, manet Throphæus.*]

ACT. III. SCÆN. V.

THROPHÆUS alone.

WO, wo, *Throphæus*, what shall one do in this case, being abused by their children! while they are young easily to be corrected, but being old, stubborn and perverse, I compare her to that suttie fish for her craftiness, namely, a *Barble*, that will not meddle with the bait until with her Tail she hath unhooked it from the the hook; no more will she give any audience until she see the thing reality it self: And to a Crockodile I her conceit, if they see a man afraid of them, they will eagerly pursue him, but on the contrary, if they be assaulted, they will shun him; having eaten the body of a man, they will weep over the head, but in fine, eat the head also: thence came the Proverb, *Crocodile tears*: Feigned tears in such manner she doth with me; let me intreat her what I please, still she's quite contrary to it, having made many protestations against it, and having let many a tear by the reason of it, at length is contented and

and receives it; from whence I affirm, Womens tears are but feigned tears : but hoping to see her better reformed, I'll follow her. [Exit.]

ACT. IV. SCÆN. I.

PERCO, GRECEANA.

Per. M Adam, give ear.

Gre. Sir, vex me not.

Your words are like Arrows headed with steel, directed only to wound my heart.

Per. Why fairest one? think but what enjoyments thou shalt receive at thy impartial sacred Decree.

Gre. 'Injoyments will be turned to curses at that day; if't be with you to spend the Prime and the first Blossom of my youth, and suffer all to be exhausted by the hot influence of that most loathsome and consuming lust, to find those things that therein's hid, and likewise those that are forbid.

Per. Remember for what cause those things to you were given, not to keep always, or to be smothered with the unhappy Nurse Chastity, but to be employed upon the like resemblance, and to produce the real substance of material joy.

Gre. Perswade me to it.

But I'll have caution of what I take in hand, to spend those things that be irrevocable, and that with prodigality; no.

Per. Ne're follow such vain cogitations, but reflect your self into this climate, wherein I shall lead you, and happily leave you: What profit doth there flow from hidden Treasure, but only to feed the insatiate Misers eye, when if it were put to some use, it might encrease its substance, and enrich the owner: Such youth and natures bounty, that receive again from the expence; but were there none but meer Damage, yet the pleasure oft, and the delight, would recompence the loss.

Gre. What e're the pleasure be, or the delight, I am too young, not plum'd for such as sight.

Per. Too young! I like you better; there is a price due to the early Cherry, the first Apples deserve most grace; the budding Rose is set by, but stale and fully blown, is left for Vulgars to rub their sweaty fingers on? Too young! as well you may affirm the tender Twig too young to graft upon, or you may say the rising Sun's too young to court the day.

Gre. I see you are obstinate, therefore I mean to answer you no more, but take my leave.

Exit Greceana.

Per. Go happily.

I now perceive words composed of wind are but a flying substance, not able to carry the efficacy of acting, to preserve vain hope and lose the treasure; but some other way must be invented, which in short time I'll produce:

No time henceforth there shall be spent,

But make her know I thus am bent,

These

*Those things to do, and them up-fir
Which are as yet unknown to her.*

Exit Perco.

ACT. IV. SCÆN. II.

NESTO, PUDD.

Nest. COME honest *Pudd*, I'll undertake to manage that business thou hast in hand.

Pud. I shall be shamed face when I see my poor *Crecea*, thinking how I shall stumble at the splendid lustre of her orient Cheeks.

Nest. Her eyes you mean.

Pud. Eyes and Cheeks are all one.

Nest. 'Tis true, to you.

Pud. I, and to you.

Nest. Believe me, it were a kind of prophanation to make doubt of the contrary.

Pud. How happy am I then in such acquaintance? a man shall have his due when your meaner Society hath neither judgement to discern, nor credit to commend it: but may I take your word? will you be true if I should take up the Lance of Law and wrestle with *Crecea*.

Nest. Nay, there's no man in the earth more liberal, take it upon my word---

Pud. Your word?

Nest. I have not any thing in the world more dear or precious in my esteem, which I will not most willingly part with upon the least summons of thee my friend.

Pud. Well said, my Boy; thy Mistress and my Master are together for a season, and why may not we be together, and court our Mistresses at our pleasure?

[Exit Pudd.]

Nest. Hasten about thy business, I'll attend thee. I will see now what lies in my poor judgement here to do, & turn this Fool into an Ass, which if it take effect, it may produce laughter both unto me, and likewise to his Master. *Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCÆN. III.

EUPHRATES, DROSANVS.

Eup. UNfortunate *Euphrates*! therefore unfortunate because *Euphrates*! Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee, but with *Satyrus* thou must kiss the fire and burn thee? Oh *Greceana*! *Greceana*! Art thou must yield to Nature; Reason to Appetite; Wisdom to Affection: Could *Pigmalion* intreat by favour to have his Ivory turn'd into Flesh, and cannot *Euphrates* obtain by plaints to have the Picture of his Love changed to life? What *Pigmalion*? what *Pyrgoteles*? or what *Lysippus* is he that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy fame so far as I? But alas! she is the *Paramour* to a Courtiers; *Perco* the

the great hath both her body and affection; for what is it that Courtiers cannot obtain by prayers, threats, & promises? Will she not think it better to sit under the cloth of State like a Queen, then in a poor House like a House-wife? Yes, yes, *Euphrates*; thou mayest swim against the Stream with a Crab, seed against the wind with the Deer, and pick against the steel with the Cockatrice: Stars are to be looked at, not reached at; Courtiers to be yeilded to, not contented with; *Greceana* to be honoured, not obtained; for she is the onely pattern of that Eternity which *Jupiter* dream'd a sleep, could not conceive again waking: But the feeding Canker of my care, the neve-ryding worm of my heart, is to be kill'd by counsel, not cures; by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons: And sith in cases desperate there must be used Medicines that are extream, I will hazard that little life that is left to restore the greater part that is lost: And this shall be my first practise, for Will must work where Authority is not; as soon as *Perco* has made his Oration, and declared what he intends to speak, I will by device pierce his heart by some strange Weapon, that by that means I may speak with her, and utter my love, and dye with denial, as conceale it, and live with despair.

Enter Drosanus.

Dros. Why so melancholy?

Eup. Faith not well; troubled with some affairs.

Dros. Be patient, time may work a period to them, and you may sit crown'd with Lawrel, and relate the story with helexity of those painful hours you have spent in pursute after her.

Eup. Those dayes would be golden ones to me.

Dros. Fear not.

Come let us retire to our Lodgings, to morrow they will be here, at which time wee'l meet'em.

[*Exit Drosanus.*]

Eup. I'll follow.

Cupid and my Greceana plaid

At Cards for Kisses, Cupid paid;

He stakes his Quiver, Bow and Arrows,

His Mothers Dove and Team of Sparrows,

Looses them too, and down he throws

The Coral of his Lips, the Rose

Growing on his Cheek, but none knows how,

With these the Chrissal of his Brow:

And then the dimple of his Chinne,

All these did my Greceana winne.

At last he set her both his Eyes,

She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

Oh how has she done this to thee!

What shall alas become of me!

[*Sings.*]

[*Exit.*]

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCÆN. IV.

Perco, Greceana.

Per. **P**Rincely Lady, how unworthy am I to imploy my services in honor of your vertues! how hopeles my desires are to enjoy your rare opinion, and muchless your love, are onely matters of despair, unless you give large warrant to my boldness, my feeble-wing'd Ambition---

Gre. My Lord, I interrupt you not.

Per. Oft have I turn'd the Lesson of my sorrow to sweeten discord and enrich your pittie, but all in vain; there had my comforts sunk, & near rise again to hear the story of the despairing Lover, had not now, even now, your ingenuous disposition---

Gre. Come, out with it.

Per. After some fit disputes of our condition betwixt your Highness and my lowness, gave consent, which did embolden, then encourage my faltering tongue.

Gre. How's that? how?

I give consent to your fond fancies leading, which is more pernicious then that under Tongues of Asps, which is most deadly and emidicable?

Per. Though not your hand with your body, Madam, yet your affection, with disposition, (as I understand) gave License.

Gre. It shall not need my Lord; you are a servant, pleading by the priviledge of Nature; though I might command, my care shall only conceal what it hath not forced: I can but make one choice, and it is made e're this.

Per. To whom?

Gre. *Euphrates..*

Tyes of Marriage are Tenors, not of will, but during life; I want skill to choose without directions of example in this Land; for which I daylie learn, by how much more you take upon you the roughness of a Courtier, by so much more I am engaged to
flie

Rie from you, by the reason of the duty I owe to *Euphrates*, for respects of Birth, degrees of Title, and advancement; I nor admire, nor slight them; all my study shall ever aim at this perfection, only to live and dye so, that you may see in any course of mine, I still remain in constancie until the thred of Life be cut by Fates.

Per. Madam, remember your self.

Gre. It is decreed we must yeild to Fate, whose angry Justice though it threaten ruine, contempt, and poverty, is all but tryal of a weak womans constancy in suffering; here in a strangers and a eminent hand forsaken, and unfurnished of all hopes, but such as wait on misery, I range to meet affliction whereso ere I tread my train; and pomp of servants is reduced to none but rough Jaylors and most sad prisoners; yet yeild I not my Lord to them.

[*Manet.*]

ACT. IV. SCÆN. V.

Euphrates, Drosanus.

Per. **S**EEING no perswasions will prevail, nor once move thy indurable heart, some other means must be invented, which in short time I'll produce; in this same Garden here shall be erected the unhappy Gibbet of thy Fate:

Seeing no perswasions will prevaile with thee, there thou shalt hang even for thy constancy.

Grece. The churlish brow of War (my Lord) is a sight of horror for Ladyes entertainment; if thou hearst a truth of my sad ending by the hand of some unnatural subject; thou with all shall hear how I dyed worthy of my right by falling like a constant Virgin; and in my close, which my last breath shall sound, *Euphrates* thou comliest, shall sing a Requiem to my soul, unwilling only of great glory, cause divided from such a Heaven on Earth, as life with thee.

Eup. I hear she still remembers me, though out of sight, yet not out of mind; shall I make known my self, and by the force of us two, relieve her from that Tyrants hand?

Drof. No, by no means; I'll devise a plot that with a little patience things best becoming our minds it may to us produce.

Eup. Let's hear't.

Drof. While he his Mistress there is courting, I in the same manner will him counterfeit in courting you; and not able of my self, perceiving to my intreats, yet you give leave, will to him moan make, but why should I relate it any further, let me alone, I will it accomplish.

Eup. Then manage it.

Drof. Else I will for my bold attempt suffer what your pleasure is ready to give sentence.

Per. If you to my love will yeild, you shall enjoy the sweetness of liberty and favor, and sleep securely; and is not this now better then to besit the Hang-mans clutches, which certainly you shall do if yeild you'l not, or to buy the cordage of a tough Halter, which will break your neck? Be no longer constant, but yeild, and hope for pardon.

Eup. Oh! step to him, else hee'l mischief her.

Drof. Be patient, sir.

Gre. For pardon! hold thy heart-strings, whiles contempt of injuries in scorn may bid defiance to thee and base foul Language: Thou poor Vermine! how darest thou creep so near me? thou a Lord! nay, thou a slave; why, thou enjoyest as much of happiness as all the sling of slight ambition flew at; a Dung-hil was thy Cradle; so a Puddle by vertue of the Suns beams, breathes a Vapor to infect the pure air, which drops again into the muddy Womb that first exhales it; bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance from the Beadles Whip, crown'd all thy happiness: But let all the world, as all to whom I am this day a spectacle, time to deliver by tradition six posterities without another Chronicle then truth; Lyon, constantly my resolutions suffered.

Per. What man is he that would suffer himself to be thus abused? I will no longer expect Executioner, but play his part
my

my self now in his absence; I, poor Vermine, darest thou creep so near? no longer then shall mercy hold this hand, or Love be overswayer of this Weapon; Ile end thy life. *He draws his sword*

Eup. Oh! step to him, I wish now my Womens clothes were off.

Dros. Sir, no injury to women do; for that case is mine, though to you unknown; the passages of you two Lovers I have seen, which if't you'd minded, might in like case have perceived mine: Therefore give leave, and yeild to nature; be more miserable, for I shall never endure to see such havock with drye eyes: Speak, speak the fair Lady.

Eup. Sir, let us two Virgins taste your bounty, and both your mercies in this, that at a time of night so late, a place so private as this Garden is, to spare the lives of both us two, and grant that both your valours shall encounter, and upon whom that fortune please to smile, shall make his choice of our two Wills, Bodies, and Affections, and you both covert a liberal grace: Grant to my entreats a happy reply.

Dros. To you I yeild.

Per. In like manner I intend if this same Lady she be pleased

Gre. I am.

Times have their changes, sorrows make men wise;
The Sun it self must set as well as rise.

Dros. To morrow then I'll meet you in the Castle Yard, where I'm resolv'd death or life there to receive.

Per. There then of you I'll wait in expectation. *Exeunt Perco, Greecan.*

Eup. Since I this motion here have made, instead of you will meet him there my self.

Dros. Will you?

Eup. My self I will, because I may send his ever boyling blood into the air to breed strange Vapors.

Dros. You are resolv'd?

Eup. I am.

[Exeunt, Euphrates, Drosanus.]

ACT. V. SCÆN. I.

Euphrates, Drosanus.

Eup. THE Act is done.

Drof. And no blemish thereby you received?

Eup. None; great thanks to Jove I give for this most dangerous Encounter there by me performed, and limiting out my life thus far, to be revenged of him that alwaies desired hate:

Go fetch *Greecana* in, take upon you the victory, and challenge your demand.

Drof. I shall do any thing wherein I may perform my duty I to you there owe. *[Exit Drosanus, and returns again with Greecana.]*

Drof. Ladyes, both of you my Enterprises are, and only by the strength of this poor mortal Arm, which many Herculian Blows hath undergone, which hath been for no other cause but this, That I amongst your servants may be numbred one; but since it hath been the ingenuous disposition of your birth to grant to him, whosoever Fortune gave the victory should enjoy his choice, therefore whatsoe're I make, or service soe're I do, it is to you.

Gre. To me, my Lord?

Drof. I, to you, and no other person, Madam.

Eup. Am I then cast off my Lord? 'Tis no matter, I shall undergo it with as much ease as power doth able me.

Gre. I am in that case worse then ever I was, before I was most miserable, but now no misery is to be conceived in comparison of this; seeing my Lord it is my unhappy, or happy Fortune, (I do not know how to tearm it as yet) to be yours by Lot, not by Consent, I shall desire to know of what Alian and Nation your valour is descended.

Drof. To name my Predecessors to this day, of whose Atomes the structure of this body of mine doth consist, it were a thing too too superfluous; but my Father was a Germane, of a

No-

Noble Blood, and of which Nation I proceed.

Gra. A Germane, that's my native Soyle, and in which endures the Diadems of my wishes.

Eup. Are you of that Country?

Gra. I.

Eup. Blest is my soul thus happily to be led amongst my friends, but thinking to have been foes: Madam, in what part? for travellers are somewhat quisitive.

Gra. From the Court.

Eup. Still happinefs doth abound.

Drof. We both fair one, from thence doth take our course, and not in any place in which we came as yet did take abode until with wisht prosperity we were cast upon this experiential happy Land, in whose bowels I have you found, which causeth my future trouble to be now present pleasure.

Gra. I'm glad of that, but further I'll you examine; There was a person when I there did live, descended of noble blood, *Euphrates* by his Name, who was a subject to his Majesty, and in great favor with him, if you did know.

Eup. We did, Madam.

Gra. Is he alive, or dead?

Eup. His never dying deeds are still alive; for his valiant acts are such as they'll never be in that Nation out of memory extirpated, but doth daylie shew themselves more glorious in their colours; but for his Body, Person, and his Vertues, hath sung a Requies to *Elizium*, where all the bodies of good men doth lye.

Drof. I, for certain Madam, he is dead!

Gra. Dead!

[*She falls into a swoond.*]

Eup. Oh Heavens, and all your influence! do your Justice here upon this body of mine, in doing this unnatural act to try a Womans constancy: Oh my Dear! he's living, still living to do thee service, and I am the man; no breath she still receives: Come blow you Eastern Winds, and all you four Points joyned here in one to make a prosperous Gale, that by the vertue of that sweet structure, it may breath some life to my dying Love, wherein I may relate my folly in doing this unto her: Oh joyful sight! she breaths, hold her up! give her more air! it's I, it's I

Ena.

Euphrates thy dear friend, and lo, I strip me from my Woman's Clothes, in which I was disguised from thee, here did undertake this voyage for no other cause but to relieve thee from this bondage of tyranizing Monsters; it was I that kill'd *Perco* thy deadly Foe, and he that was in thy sight I know most hainous: Speak my Dear, speak, if not, I dye with thee; therefore from this most hellish torment speak and relieve me; I know I'm guilty, and 'twas my folly in doing this, therefore am dutiful to obey the sentence of what Justice you command; here I lye down at thy feet, thy kind *Euphrates* in his love, but unkind in doing this.

Gre. Rise, rise, thou happiest of all men in my sight; I have past some silent time in a slumbring swound, which for the love of thee was no other cause.

Eup. I know't full well, and am ashamed to live, to hear how basely I have unto thee done.

Gre. No words of it, but let this word be last,

The joy doth countervail the sorrow past.

Drof. Then let that pass, I'm guilty as well as you; fear lest we trench upon vain time too much, and here stand prating until it hath uptript our lingring heels.

Eup. 'Tis true; but I shall ne'er be my own man again, thinking how basely I did deal with her: Come fair *Greceana*, let's no longer stay upon this unknown ground, but haste away to our native Country.

Gre. I am ready to obey, and rejoyce to hear the motion.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. V. SCÆN. II.

Nesto, Pudd, Crecia.

Nest. SHE's a coming, see you manage it.

Pud. Fear not, let me alone, I'll warrant thee Lad: Oh my pretty little Minks! art thou come? here I am in expectation of thee.

Crece. Are you the man of valour that would speak with me.

Pud. I am the man of valour, and only valour it self that would speak with thee.

Nest. Mrs. He is a man of unknown parts, excellent in birth, and of an undaunted courage.

Crece. Is he so? by his shew he should be none of these, for he hath a foolish look.

Pud. Nay, Mrs. I'm the valorous Gentleman that ever Nation bred; for not long since in streets where I was walking, met with two Constables which charged me with felony, saying I had kill'd a man; but to say truth, I was in that quarrel, where I had my head beaten as soft as a Foot-Ball, upon which I had dyed if I had not been valourous; and then my courage rising, I took one of the Foot-men there standing by, a deadly blow, running most nimbly away, and throwing over two children that there stood; was not this valour?

Crece. I know not what you count valour, sir.

Pud. Why, I count all my deeds valour; nay, and besides at that time I was so basely cut, that I run under the Table, where perchance (saying your presence) my Breech stuck out, upon which I had such a blow that I limp ere since; come Nesto, joul my head and this Post together, and see whether I can indure it or no with courage.

Nest. I know you are valorous, but Ile try.

Pud. With all my heart---Harder--nay harder still---still---Oh! oh! so no more---nay, no more--no more---hold---Do you see now, pretty Sparrow, how I can undergo it.

Crece. Excellent, but your Band stands wrong.

Pud. Nay, It is my face stands wrong, but I'll use my self no more to this foolish fashion.

Nest. Now thou holds thy face crooked.

Pud. That's because I would have an eye in my---

Crece. Out you beastly, bawdy, blockish, and most nasty fellow; you a man of valour, you a man of Clouts, look how every joint of his fraile body quivers.

Pud. It is singing Prick-song.

Crece. Ile prick thy Skin full of oylet Holes. [*Exit Crece.*]

Pud. Nay, is she gone? I'm glad of it, is this your brave Mistress that should be my Wife, that every word will bite off my Nose, and every stroke will punch my Skin full of oylet Holes? I was never in such a dirty case in all dayes of my life; I am up to the ears in my own dung.

Nest. Avaunt, out you nasty Bare, come along with me.

Pud. To my Aunts! oh! by no means to my Aunts, I would not have her know for a Cow.

Nest. I say, Avaunt.

Pud. Avaunt, nay then Ile go along with you, if you'll be sure to purge me clean, and whip me soundly that I may so no more do.
[*Exeunt Pud, Nest.*]

ACT.

ACT. V. SCÆN. III.

Thropheus, Fercor.

Thro.

IUnderstand it well that you would be in Matrimonie vvith my poor Girl, *Medea.*

Fer. 'Tis true, I have been tost by Sea and Land to unknown ground, where never habitants was, still none to me that I can find more pleasing to me then *Medea*; she sits like Sol, berayed with Stars most bright, lighting vvith her stellation the most tenebrosious place of *Fercors* heart, and I the only spectator not daring to presume to be an Actor, doth pine vvith despair.

Thro. Take you great courage, not daunt your valorous spirit, though you have been my servant, of my poor will now Master is, therefore Ile fetch her, and see what her stout mind will yeild unto. [*Exit Thropheus, and enters again vvith Medea.*]

ACT. V. SCÆN. IV.

Thropheus, Fercor, Medea.

Thro. **Y**OU must, you must.

Med. Father, forbear, I cannot.

Fer. Madam, may it please your goodness to honor my affections so far, as to adorn me with the salutation of your hand.

Med. What, sure instead of professing Navigation, you are turned Courtier, a meer bundle of Complements; I take it for an affront, and my spirit will digest no rude affronts; though I be a Woman by Nature, yet hath a manly courage to disdain you.

Thro. Despise not his affection.

Med. Father, if you did know how I do loath the sight of this man

I am perswaded then you would no further me urge; I cannot give him one good word, muchless one pleasing look, or with him dissemble in the Climate of Affection.

Fer. Madam, if your fraile mind unto one of these particulars will yeild, I hope you will not shut me so far out of memory, but I to have so much priviledg in your affection, as to beautifie my self with the real Badge of your smiles, and to be reckoned amongst the honored company of your servants.

Med. Certainly the man doth rave; let him go to bed and have more sleep, and I hope he will be more himself.

Thro. Nay, take your choice, if you do make him your by-word, not yeilding to his intreats, be sure your self whensoever your Petition comes to my ear, it shall not once pierce my mind.

Med. *Euphrates* is the man whom you very well know that ever since I knew the force of Loves Weapons, hath imbalmed him up to be the only carper of the Blossoms of my Virginity.

Fer. But say *Euphrates* should be engaged to that only Paramour of Virgins, *Greceana* by name, then I hope some other should be the happy Extorser of your youth prime.

Thro. What answer you?

Med. That he should.

[*Manet.*]

ACT.V. SCÆN. V.

Euphrates, Greceana, Hermon, Drosanus, Throphens, Fercor, Medea, Nesto, Pudd.

Enp. **A**fter so many storms as Wind and Seas have threatened to our Weather-beaten ship, at last sweet fairest

we

we are safely arriv'd on our dear Mothers earth ; ungratefull only to heaven and us , in yeelding not before our happy arrival ! How farest thou my Dearest yet ?

Grece. Confirmed in health , by which I may better undergo the roughest face of change ; but I shall learn patience to hope , since silence courts affection for comforts to this truly noble Gentleman , rare example'd patern of a friend.

Dros. I wait but as the shadow to the body ; for , Madam , without you let me be nothing.

Exp. Though she hath cost me many a redouning blow in fetching her to this her native Land , yet without license of a Fathers will , I will be---

Her. Question not my liberality , my onlie son , my onlie dear and and joy ; I here imbrace thee , likewise wishing thee to imbrace *Greceana* for the sake of me ; injoy her , and take her.

Exp. Father your bountie in granting to your child his desire is not to be paralleld ; therefore when bright Sol descends his fiery Trigion into the more concavity of the Earth ; or pale *Cynthia* traces about her Orb ; then shall you by real aspect confirm us to be man and wife.

Her. I rejoyce to hear it.

Thro. *Medea* , now behold he is gone , whom you thought alwayes had been sure ; therefore be no more thus obstinate , but bend your minde to his affection.

Med. Certainly it was nere decreed by Fate or Fortune for him and me to be once , made one.

Exp. Come then my dearest , thou and Ile be gon ,

I hope thus far in my own opinion ;

For now you imbrace Virginitie ,

For to imbrace wedlock for perpetuitie.

Grece. My dutie stil stand obedient to your wil , not daring to resist , nor can without breaking a solemn oath : Therefore your pleasure is a command for me to obey with great gratitude , thinking to me an immense beatitude.

Pud. Wood I's behangd it was a dangerous busines I took in hand ; for standing , sitting , lying , and tumbling , I believe nere a Jack-pudding in town wil do it.

Nest.

Nest. Thy reason *Pudd.*

Pudd. Ha, ha, ha, I have neither sense nor reason; ha, ha, ha: Stay messe yonder comes my Master; I wil go salute him with a rare sentence only of my own brains invention; Oh how my tongue now warbles in my mouth to thanke of 't! Blew leu leu leu.

Nest. Go, go, thou art not mad; why loyterest thou?

Pudd. Master---

Emp. What then?

Pudd. I am here---

Emp. Art thou alive?

Pudd. Stil for you to beat---

Emp. Me to beat?

Pudd. Me into good service.

Emp. Thou shalt be my man while man I keep,
Seeing how faithfully I thee have beat.

Pudd. I have been in study ever since you were gone, in Sciences of invaluable worth, and hath profited very little

Grece. Name some of those, I desire to hear him talk.

Emp. What are they?

Pud. Nandivigation, Astronimation, Mucinification, Fid-
lication, and Lutination; Do you understahd me Master, if
please your worship?

Emp. Very wel and excellent.

Pudd. I am versed but little yet, hoping to be better:

Thro: Give over musing, I wil thee interrupt, give me my
answer:

Med: Father, what your indulgent clemency thinks most
convenient for my youth and person, I am ready to give ear:

Thro: My minde is to have *Fercor:*

Med. Parents must have their wils, and children must obey;
therefore compeld, *Fercor* I am thine.

Fer: Gladly recevd thou art:

Come all you Hloy Sisters *Muses* nine,
Unto our Nuptials and us combine,
With solemnns most sure ne're to be broke,
With banous crimes, or vanisht in a smoke;

The Wandering LOVER.

31

*For shee's the North-Pole to which all starrs doth bend,
And I the Urfa minor doth on her attend.*

FINIS.

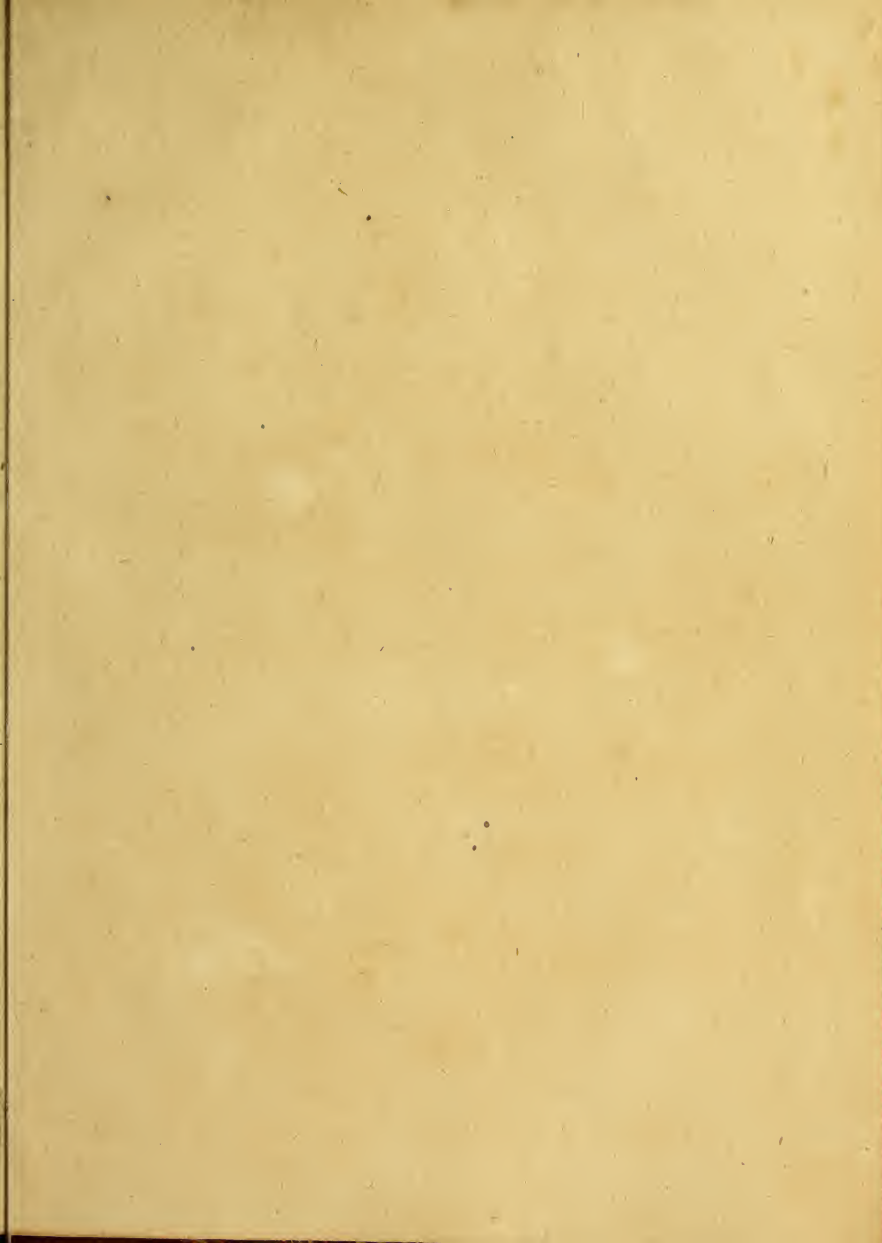
EPILOGUE.

W*ith Tragick sights this Play it doth begin,
But afterwards with mirth it sought to win,
From thence to joy; and not long after
It did produce us Love, with some small laughter;
Seeing it ended in a loving Que,
Even so I hope it is with us and you.*

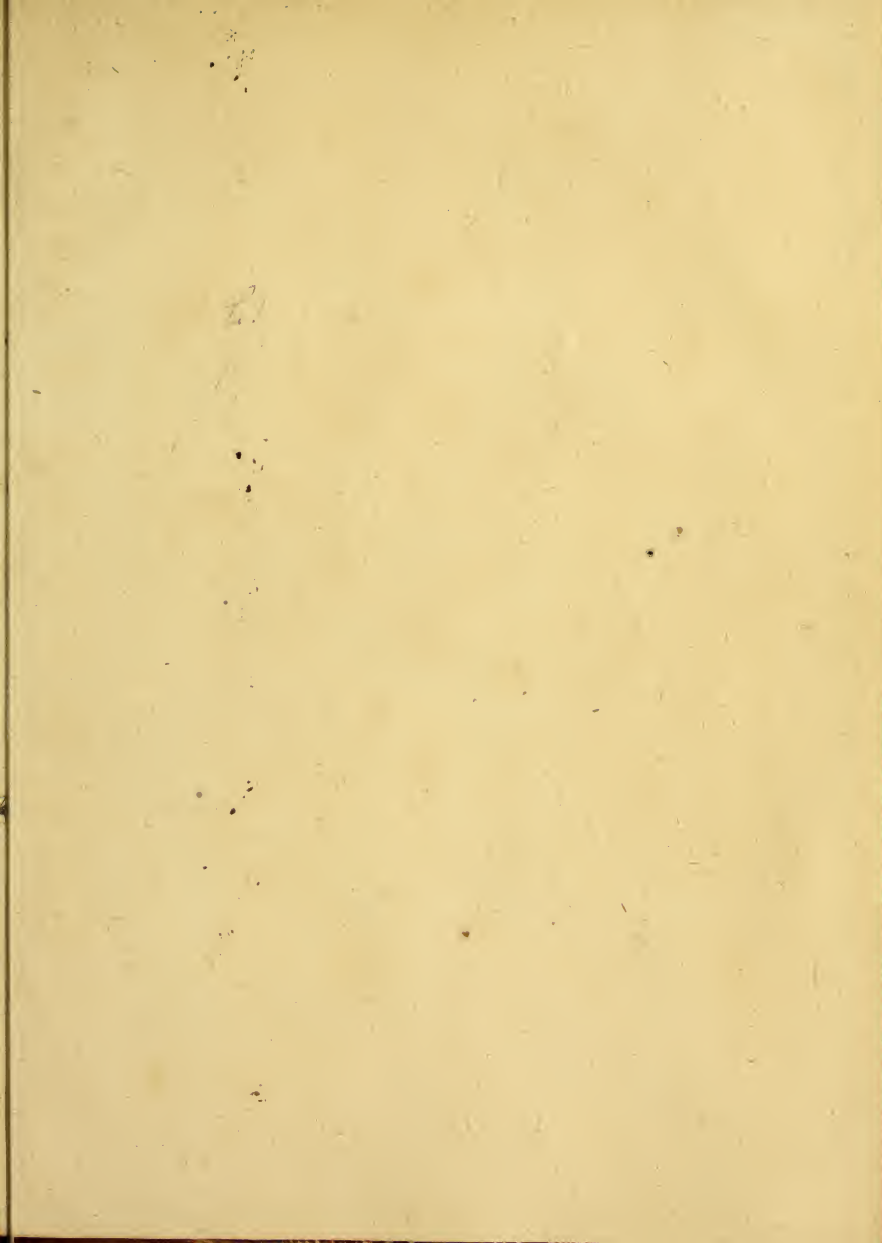
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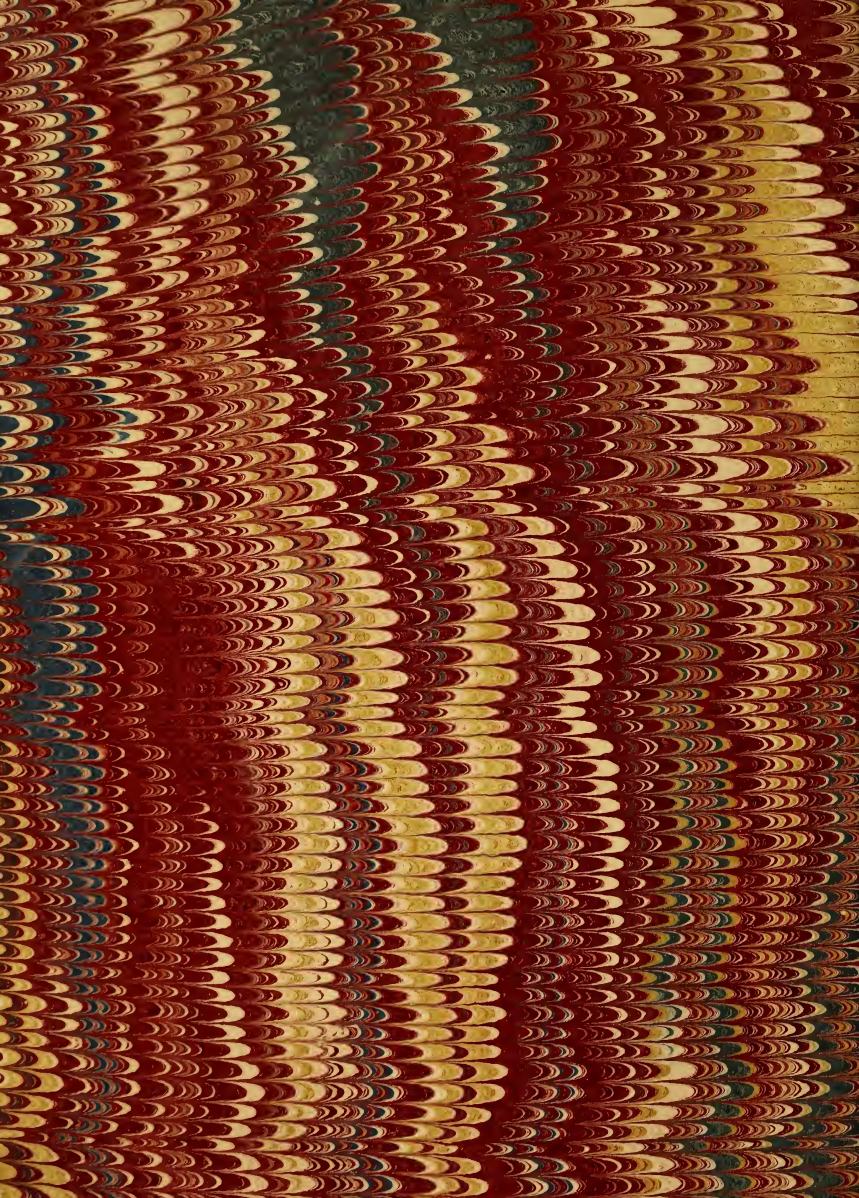
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